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Ode on the deliverance of Texas.

Addressed to General Houston.

At your call of Grecian glory!

No longer do I dream in desolation page,

For I'll raise the banner of the day;

Not there alone they burn before ye;

Turn to a nearer scene of strife,

Where bloody scenes of death are here;

The marvels of gray Marathon, whose consecrated fight,

Shameless though long three thousand years as Free,

From his heart's love;

What! More's the man, star, on stony Alpine height?

When Swart-peasant shamed the bold Spartans!

Not these—those blous'd with out!

The Tempest's service tree,

Mark a fury from the far West!

A city's fall, and all its pride,

Falls to the earth beneath;

Rolls o'er our prostrate Behemoth flood,

In Texas planes dev'ring quare;

Mark a tempest from the sky,

Hark! hark! the sound of struggle!

For vengeance! Ans! ans! rive!

From Europe's stern the stern reply;

Hear—a sword—hand—repose!

In her defense to do or die,

The tempest's tempests displayed

